

CHANDAMAMA

MAY 1986

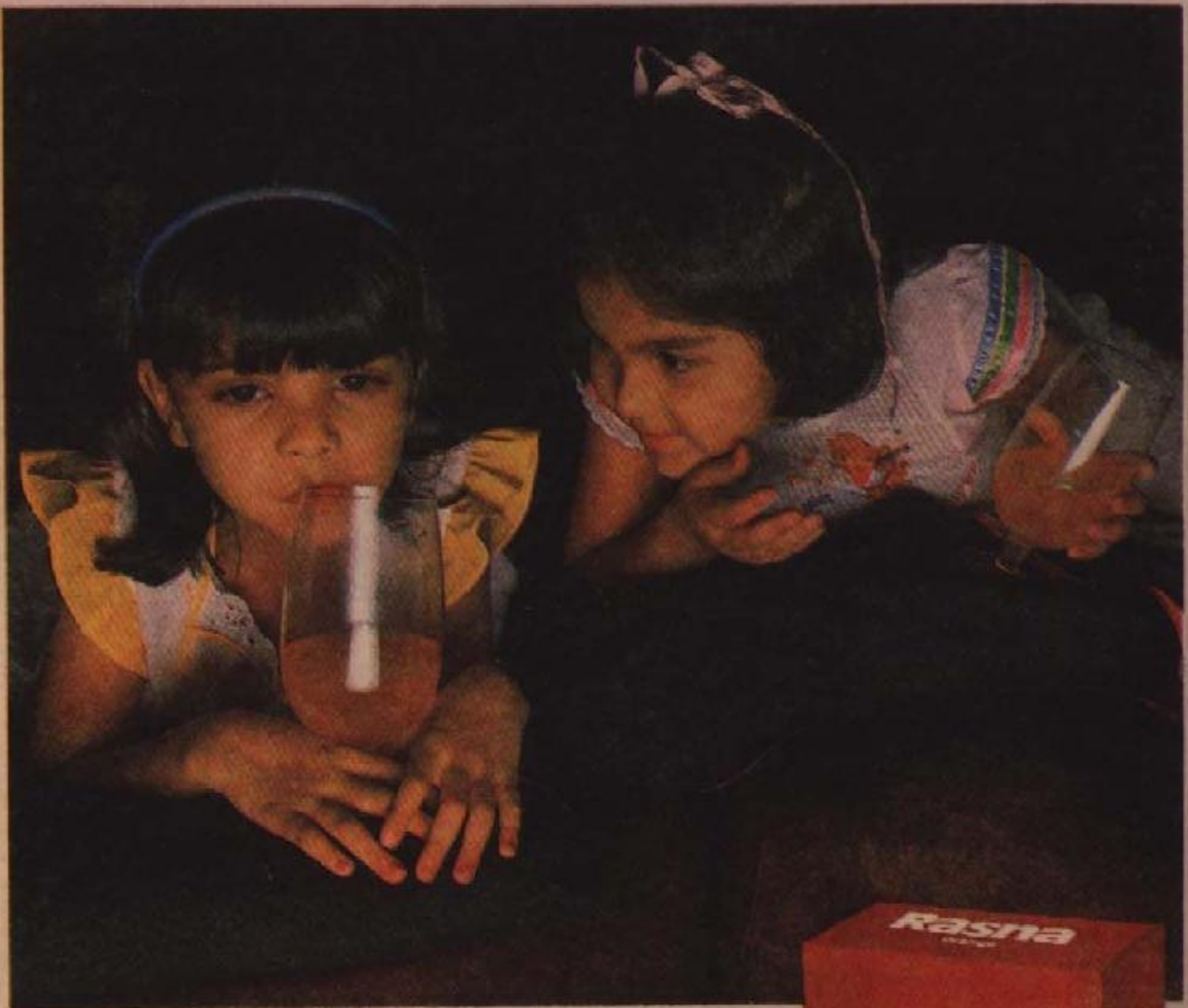
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Turn to Page 11
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NEXT ISSUE

* INTO THE WILDERNESS: A new phase in the *Story of Rama*.

* SAUDAS: Mythological episode of the king who became a demon, in *Characters from Classics*.

* THE ROYAL GIFT: An incident concerning Sage Thayumanavar and King Vijayaranga of Tiruchirapally—in *Legends and Parables of India*.

* SHRINES OF KHAJURAHO: The legend and history through pictures in *Temples of India*.

* A bunch of stories, *Towards Better English, Newsflash, Did You Know? Let Us Know* etc.

Thoughts to be Treasured

No country can become a nation by producing a race of immitators.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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AND News Flash, Did You Know, Let Us Know and More.





CHANDAMAMA

Controlling Editor: NAGI REDDI

Founder: CHAKRAPANI

WE ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL

We receive many letters containing questions to be answered in our column LET US KNOW. It is a pity that many of them, though they are stimulating and interesting, cannot be answered because of lack of space.

We were particularly happy with a question that has been answered this time. Some students promise to read two books on India if they are told which books to read. They propose to use their summer holidays for reading worthy books.

Many of our readers are students and we are sure, many of them propose to do the same. For them our only suggestion is, they read the right kind of books. The world is flooded with books and magazines. Most of them do not deserve your attention. Wasting time on them is almost curtailing one's life to that extent.

But once you have made the proper selection, there is nothing like reading. There are so many experienced people to tell you about good books on a topic. And, write to *Chandamama* by all means if you want any suggestion.



नाविरतो दुश्चरिताश्चाशान्तो नासमाहितः ।

नाशान्तमानसो वापि प्रज्ञानेनैनमाप्नुयात् ॥

Nāvīrato duṣcaritānnāśānto nāsamāhitaḥ

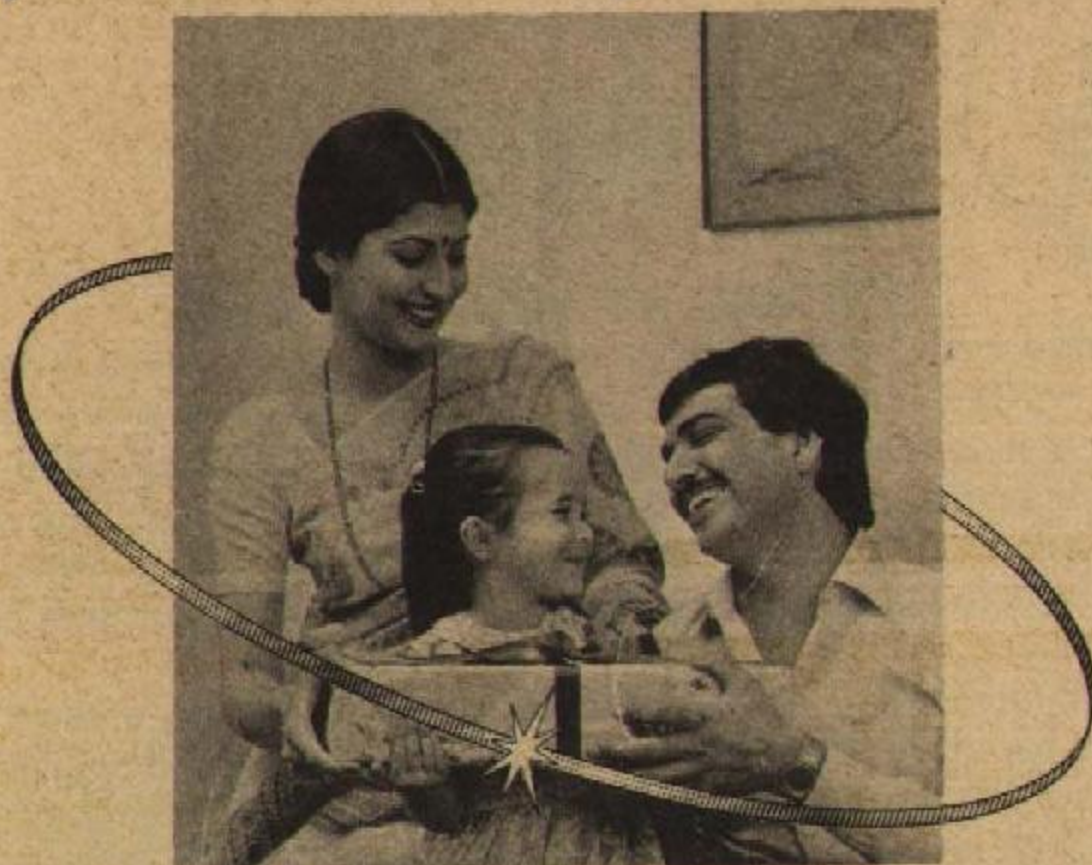
Nāśāntamānaso vāpi prajñānenainamāpnuyāt.

One who has not refrained from the evil ways of life, one who has not quietened his mind and calmed his senses, he cannot realise his self merely through pursuit of learning.

—The Katha Upanishad



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NEWSFLASH



The New Mosquito—Repeller

Switch on CIME-FM in Montreal and you will not hear any new music, but will stop hearing the music of mosquitoes. The sound, inaudible to man, drives away mosquitoes.

The Grand Old Woman

A British woman of 112 has become the world's oldest person after a Japanese man died at 120.



Nothing Like Books

A survey shows that a subject learnt through a book is much better-remembered than the same subject learnt through a TV programme, however good the programme may be. In other words audio-visual programmes cannot be substitute for books.

Shoot at Fruit!

The U.S. authorities are in the process of introducing a kind of gun that would automatically shoot at a suitcase or parcel carrying any fruit or plant illegally.



DID YOU KNOW?



Spain is a Carthaginian word meaning 'Land of Rabbits'.

Poet Byron kept a bear as a pet.



In Sweden there is a town named 'A'.

A drop of water contains one hundred billion atoms.



A lobster's blood is blue.

The word Nylon is derived from New York (Ny) and London (Lon) two places where work for its invention was going on.



STORY OF

RAMA



—By Manoj Das

(Prince Rama and his younger brother, Lakshmana, were led by Sage Viswamitra into the forest. They destroyed or scared away the demons who had become a scourge to the hermits and innocent people. The sage then led the princes to King Janaka of Mithila. Rama fulfilled a difficult condition and earned the hand of Princess Sita, the daughter divine of King Janaka, in marriage while Lakshmana married another daughter of the king, Bharata and Shatrughna married his neices.)

DARKNESS AT NOON

King Dasaratha had never been so happy in life as he became now - to see the warm welcome his people accorded to Rama and his three brothers when they returned to Ayodhya with their brides.

The people kept on celebrating the occasion through songs and dances and feasts and festi-

vities. There was no sign of any ebb in their enthusiasm.

King Dasaratha realised how dearly and deeply the people of Ayodhya loved Rama. He felt overwhelmed. In a sudden inspiration he decided to honour the people's sentiment by declaring Rama as his heir apparent.





He consulted his guru, Vasishta. "O King, there could hardly be a better or a nobler decision. By making Rama the Crown Prince, you will not only satisfy the wishes of the people, but also ensure the most glorious continuation of your illustrious line," said the sage.

Priests discussed among themselves and saw that a most auspicious day for the ritual was at hand. The king informed Rama of his decision. The prince accepted it with humility.

Preparations were afoot for the ceremony. The news spread like the fragrance of spring flowers carried by waves of breeze.

"Glory to King Dasaratha for his wise decision! Long Live Rama!" were the joyous exclamations that rent the air here and there.

Whoever heard the shouts added his own voice to them and was eager to know more about it. But, there was one, a dwarfish woman, in whose ears they made most jarring sounds. The decorations the people were making, the beautiful flags and festoons they were putting up, were pricks to her eyes.

She was Manthara, nicknamed Kubja, which meant the crooked. She was of course that, but she was much more; she was even mentally crooked.

Manthara made a beeline for the apartment of Kaikeyee, Rama's step-mother and Bharata's mother, for it was to this queen that she was attached. In fact, she had come with Kaikeyee as her maid, from her father's house.

"Kaikeyee, wake up from your indolence!" she screamed out.

"What makes you so excited, Kubja?" asked the queen while she reclined in her bed.

"It's most serious, my dear

queen, Rama is going to be coronated as the Crown Prince!" Manthara whispered the words like the hissing of a serpent.

Queen Kaikeyee sprang up to her feet. Her face looked bright with joy. She took off a bejewelled necklace and handed it over to Manthara. "What delightful tidings you bring, my devoted maid! You deserve this reward!" she said.

Manthara hurled the necklace at the queen and broke into uncontrollable sobs. "Is this ornament going to turn me into a young damsel and bring me happiness? Isn't my happiness entirely dependent on yours? And how naive you are! Why don't you understand that your future shall be doomed once Rama becomes the king? How can you fail to see that as the king's mother Kaushalya will be the object of awe and reverence of the people, walk up and down with pride, while you will be treated as a mere attendant upon her? What status will you have once your husband is dead?"

After a pause, Manthara resumed, "Now, tell me, how is



Bharata inferior to Rama? Bharata is away at your brother's house. Is this the time to arrange for Rama's coronation? Don't you feel the sinister hand of conspiracy in this hurry and hustle?"

Kaikeyee tried to dismiss her fears as unfounded, but great was the crooked maid's influence upon her. By and by the queen felt convinced that the moment had come when she must act firmly to ensure her future happiness.

And Manthara told her how she could go about it. Years ago King Dasaratha had once been badly wounded in the battle-

field fighting with a treacherous demon, and had swooned away. It was Kaikeyee who had carried him to safety before the enemy had been able to cause any greater harm to him. Dasaratha, on regaining consciousness, had said, "I am grateful to you. Should you express any two of your major wishes, I will fulfil them — I promise."

Kaikeyee had said that she will exercise the privilege granted to her some day in the future.

"Be bold. Ask your husband to grant those two wishes now and state them clearly. Let Rama be banished into wilder-

ness for fourteen years and let Bharata be declared the Crown Prince," was Manthara's advice.

Kaikeyee got ready to do the needful. She scattered her ornaments all over the room and lay sprawled on the floor. King Dasaratha, on entering her room to give her the news of the auspicious event in the offing, was surprised to see her condition. At first unresponsive to his appeals, she suddenly raised her head.

"Oh King, do you remember your promise to grant me any two wishes?" she asked in a foreboding voice.

"Of course I do!" replied the



king.

"Will you grant them now?"

"I will. I was under a vow to grant it and I stand by it," assured the king, anxious to bring the queen's anguish to an end as soon as possible.

Kaikeyee straightened herself. Her hands resting on her waist, she now put forth her two wishes, as tutored by Manthara.

The king was stunned. It took him some time for him to realise that what he saw and heard was real and not a hallucination. As he began to collect his wits and tried to persuade the queen to give up such absurd and inhuman demands, she shouted out, "Either fulfil my wishes or say that you have decided to flout your promise."

And she summoned Rama and told him, without the slightest sign of embarrassment, the conditions she had laid down before her husband. "If you care for your father's commitment, you know best what you should do," she said sternly.

Rama heard her calmly, "Mother!" he said. "To adhere to truth is the highest ideal and there is no reason why we should not stick to the ideal.



Forthwith I shall leave for the forest."

Kaikeyee, who expected Rama to get angry, was surprised. Her surprise then changed into joy.

Rama said again, fixing his kind gaze on Kaikeyee, "Mother what's the difference between Bharata and myself? He, I'm sure, will make as good a Crown Prince as myself. I have not the least doubt that he will look after my mother and Sita with great care. Why should I not retire to the forest?"

Indeed, Rama was as untouched by the sudden turn of events as he was by the news of

the proposed event. His voice betrayed no anguish, no complaints.

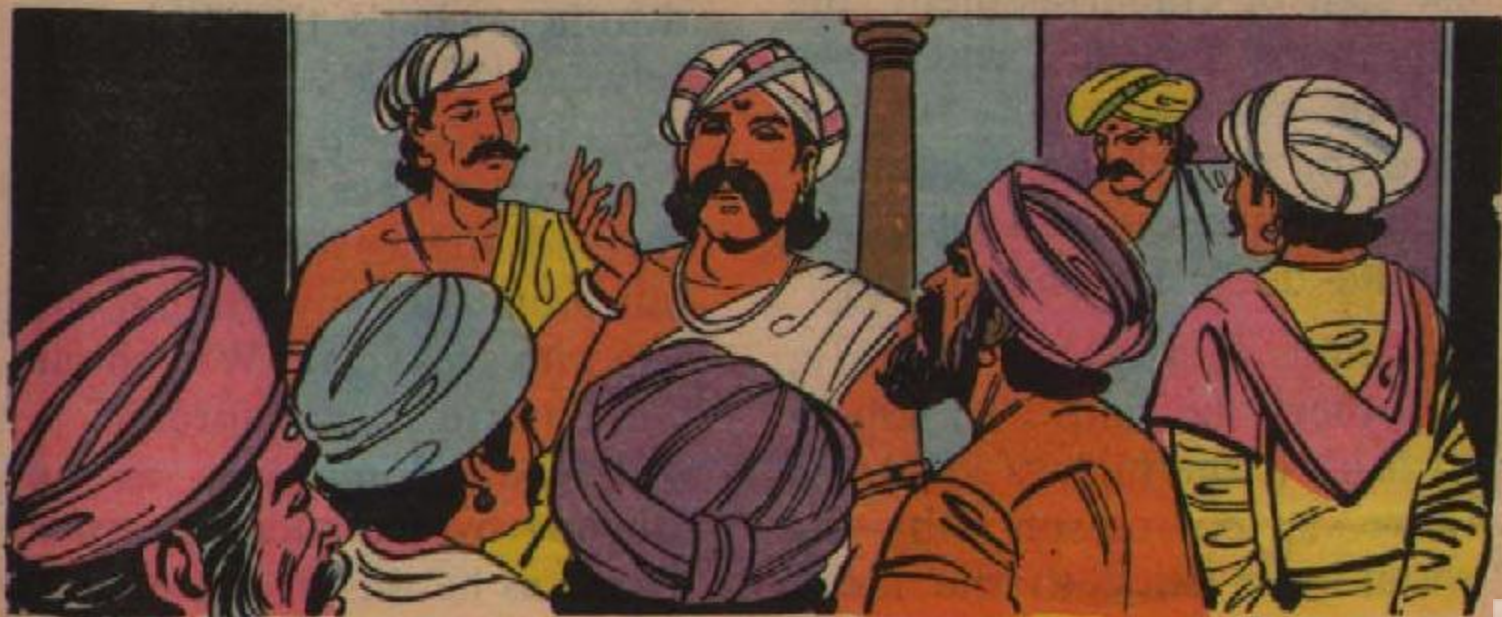
But that was the case only with Rama. When the inmates of the palace and the ministers and the priests and the courtiers heard about Kaikeyee's strategy and Rama's readiness to oblige her, they were shocked. One of them remarked that no better behaviour could be expected of Kaikeyee who was like her mother. He narrated this incident: Kaikeyee's father, a king, was capable of understanding the languages of birds and beasts. One day, upon his smiling at a bird chirping, his wife got curious to know what the bird said. The king revealed to her that if he interpreted the bird's speech to anybody, he would meet with an instant

death. Even then the queen insisted on learning what the bird said. That infuriated the king. "If my life is less valuable to you than your need for satisfying an idle curiosity, be gone! I've nothing to do with you!" he said and he never saw her face again.

Dasaratha, of course, could do no such thing, for he was under a vow to fulfil Kaikeyee's wishes and no man with any sense of dignity would violate his vow!

By and by the whole of Ayodhya plunged into gloom. A city bright with joy a while ago, seemed to be engulfed by darkness! The citizens wandered like strangers to one another, each looking puzzled or bewildered or lost in sorrow.

—To Continue



A MIRACLE IN THE SKY

The young son-in-law of the Zamindar kept the kids spell-bound with the tales of his adventures. "I can kill a running tiger or shoot down a flying bird!" he claimed.



There were no tigers in the village. But the kids requested him to show how he shoots down flying birds. He marched with his gun, surrounded by eager kids.

It was sunset. A covey of pigeons were flying across the sky over the lake. The young son-in-law took aim and fired.



Moments passed. No bird fell down. "Boys!" said the son-in-law in a grave tone. "This is called miracle. There flies a dead bird!"

CROSSING THE LOCKED GATE

A guru had two disciples who always loved to argue between them. Often the two accompanied the guru when he went out on pilgrimage or went to visit his other disciples. While he walked in silence, the disciples went on exchanging words heatedly. Each one stuck to his point of view, unwilling to see any truth in the other's point of view.

One day the guru set out for the town. The two disciples

followed him. As usual, they argued over many issues most of which were useless.

Because of rain they were detained midway at a rest-house. They resumed their journey after the rain subsided. By the time they approached the town, it was past midnight. The town was protected by a high circular wall and the gate used to be locked by midnight by sentries who camped atop the wall.



The guru and his disciples found three persons standing before the gate and shouting at one another. They were about to come to blows. In the moonlight, the sentries seated atop the wall were enjoying their quarrel.

The guru observed the three men and listened to their angry exchange. Why they quarrelled soon became clear to him. The three were residents of the town, but had been locked out as they were late in returning from some pleasure-trip. One of them, who was drunk, proposed that they should storm the gate and march into the town over

the smashed metal-plated doors. "It will be fitness with our heroism," he claimed.

The second man, who was under the influence of opium, said that they should jump over the wall. "That is going to be exciting," he said.

The third one who was under the influence of *ganja*, insisted on passing through the key-hole. "That would be fun!" he insisted. As each disputed the wisdom of the other two, there was pandemonium.

The guru silenced them. "Why don't each of you do what you would like to do?" he asked. More categorically he



asked the first man to smash the doors and the second man to jump over the wall and the third man to enter through the key-hole.

They licked their lips, blinked at the guru and did not know what to say or do.

Meanwhile the chief sentry had recognised the guru. He climbed down and opened the gate and received him respectfully.

As the guru and his two disciples entered the gate, the other three followed suit.

"Most of the arguments are

like this—unrelated to reality. None of them could have done what he proposed to do. Yet he was eager to prove the superiority of his method over the other methods. What is more important, there was a method different from theirs—a simple and healthy method. That was to give their identity to the sentries and ask them to open the gate. But they would rather cling to their false and unreal methods than think of the simple and true method" observed the guru.

The two disciples kept quiet. They understood what the guru had in mind—their conduct.



INDUMATI

Long long ago there was a sage named Trinavindu. He sat in meditation for long and gathered much spiritual power. Had he wished to use his spiritual powers for any gain, he could have become the King of Gods, Indra!

And Indra feared that possibility. He sent a nymph named Harini to disturb Trinavindu's concentration.

The sage understood the nymph's motive. "Become a human being, since you are behaving like a frivolous human being!" said the sage. This was a curse for the nymph. She requested him to take pity on her and do something to free her from her human incarnation.

"One day you will suddenly remember your celestial home. Then you will return there," said the sage.

In due course the nymph was born as a princess and named Indumati. She married Aja, the King of Ayodhya. She was the mother of King Dasaratha.

One day Indumati was enjoying a stroll in her garden when a garland came down through the clouds and fell on her. She looked at the garland and swooned away. She passed away in that condition.

The garland was made of Parijata—the flowers of heaven. It had fallen from the Veena of Sage Narada who was passing across the sky, from the earth on his way to heaven.

Thus the nymph's spirit was released from her life on the earth.





THE ARROGANT KING

wise you will all be beheaded.”

That year the kingdom had terrible floods. Acres of crops were destroyed. People did not have enough to eat. Hundreds of men, women and children died of hunger and disease. Those who survived were too weak to work. But the king was merciless. All he wished for was to see his statue completed. At the King's orders, his soldiers began whipping the men to work faster. Unable to bear the cruelty, many men fled from the kingdom.

At last the statue was ready. People gave a sigh of relief. The almanac was consulted and an auspicious day was selected for the unveiling of the statue.

The king surrounded by his men unveiled the huge marble statue. “Magnificent!” “Our king looks like a God,” said his

Once upon a time, there lived a king who had a large kingdom. His royal treasury was full of gold, gems and jewels. The proud king believed, that he was the best king in the world.

“The kingdom is mine. I am the law, and I have the power to make all my wishes come true.” he told his subjects.

One day, the king had an idea. He would build a huge statue of himself. It would be on the top of a hill, and people would look at it with awe, from a great distance. So the king ordered his engineers to start the work. “The statue must be completed in two years, other-

flatterers. The king swelled with pride. Suddenly a tiny bird flew and sat on the head of the statue. Merrily it started chirping a song.

The king was furious. He imagined the bird was singing, "The king is no greater than I." The king immediately ordered his soldiers to kill the mocking bird. The soldiers shot arrows after arrows but not a single one touched the bird. The king announced a reward of a thousand gold coins to the person who would kill it.

A week had passed. Efforts to kill the bird had been in vain. It had made a comfortable home on the top of the statue.

One day, while the king was passing by the statue the little bird was singing its favourite song: "The king is no greater

than I."

The king was red with anger. He dismounted from his horse and picked up a large stone from the ground. Then he started noiselessly climbing up the ladder behind the statue. But the clever bird saw him at the last moment and hopped from the head on to the big nose. The king was desperate to kill the bird. "I won't let it escape," he muttered angrily to himself. With all his might he threw the stone at the bird. But the bird glided smoothly into the air. The arrogant king lost his balance and fell dead at the feet of his own statue. His marble nose smashed into bits. The tiny bird went on singing, "The king is no greater than I."

—Dash Benhur





THE STRANGER ON THE MOUNTAIN

Long ago, on the outskirts of Rangpur village, there was a huge rocky mountain. The villagers named it as the Ghost Mountain; that is because whoever had ever dared to go up the mountain had never returned alive—they seemed to have vanished into thin air! At the same time, the cowherds could see a big house on top of the mountain. Sometimes they saw even smoke curling out of the house. And yet, they could never see anyone moving on the mountain. It was mysterious and frightening!

One day, a young cowherd from a neighbouring village came to settle down at Rangpur. He was Nagpal—a very courageous lad. He heard the

stories about the Ghost Mountain and decided to verify the truth of the stories.

Soon, he had a good opportunity to go up the mountain. One of his cows had strayed up the mountain and never returned. Nagpal decided to climb the mountain next morning. All his friends warned him not to go there for the ghost would kill him! But Nagpal was not to be discouraged. Ultimately, his friends advised him, “Even if you decide to go, see that you return before dusk.”

Nagpal began his climb. It was difficult, but Nagpal was quite an experienced trekker. Soon he was on the top of the mountain, looking around. At one end of the mountain he saw



the garden." "I haven't brought anything from the garden. Why should I carry anything there?" replied Nagpal. "All right. At least follow me to the garden, will you?" said the stranger very loudly. When they reached the garden, the stranger said, "Now take this crowbar and dig here." "I haven't hidden anything here. Why should I dig?" asked Nagpal. The stranger himself began digging and soon a pot was unearthed. "Now, pull it out," ordered the stranger. "I hadn't buried it. Why

a big house and he walked fearlessly towards it. He stopped at its doors and shouted, "Is there anyone inside?" Thrice he shouted and thrice there was no reply. He stepped into the house. At one corner he saw big bowls of food and sackfuls of different fruits. In another he saw a large bed. Nagpal stretched himself on it. Suddenly there was a thunderous roar and Nagpal looked at the entrance of the house. A huge shadowy man-like figure could be seen staring at him. And, within a second, there he was, the ghost himself. Anyone else in Nagpal's place would have perhaps fainted on seeing the being. But, Nagpal kept calm and continued to lie on the bed. "Young man, why are you lying there? Would you not like to eat some food?" asked the stranger. "No, I am not hungry. Those who work hard should eat well. I've not worked today," replied Nagpal. The stranger swallowed all the food in a minute or two. He then went to a corner of the house and picking up a crowbar said, "Young man, carry this to



Ghost Mountain to verify the ss. good opportunity mountain. had strayed up d never re- ided to climb morning. All him not to go st would kill was not to be mately, his m, "Even if see that you is climb. It Nagpal was ced trekker. e top of the around. At tain he saw

NTAIN





should I pull it out?" replied Nagpal fearlessly.

The stranger pulled out the pot and emptied its content. There was a heap of gold coins. He divided the heap into three unequal parts and said, "Listen, young man, upto now the courage you have shown is exemplary. And now, show your wisdom by choosing the heap of coins which you would like to take. If you succeed in choosing the right one, you'll be releasing me from the curse that binds me. I shall become a gundharva prince once again. In return, you can get rich by the gold you get. Out of the remaining heaps, you can give one to the poor

people of your village and the other heap of gold coins can be distributed amongst the families of those who have failed to return from here. But, young man, remember, if you fail in selecting the right heap you too shall face the same fate as the others who came here before you."

Nagpal was not frightened. He looked at the three heaps of gold coins and chose the smallest one for himself.

Instantly there were fumes around him and the stranger vanished. In his place stood a beautiful gundharva prince.

"I am most grateful to you for having released me from the curse. Your choosing the smallest heap for yourself has been an act of wisdom. Whoever came here either died of fear at my sight or grabbed the biggest heap of gold coins, showing his greed. Your courage and your wisdom have saved me. You may now inherit all my property on this mountain—the house, the five hundred cows, my garden and all else you find here," said the prince and then he vanished.

When Nagpal returned to the village that evening, all the villa-





gers were surprised. Nagpal told them all that had happened. He then distributed the gold coins as instructed by the gundharva prince.

The day after Nagpal returned to the mountain and settled himself in the house now deserted by the gundharva prince under curse.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



THE WOODEN SWORD

Once upon a time there lived a dutiful king. Every evening he used to roam the streets in disguise to see how his subjects fared. Often he used to go to the outskirts of the city to help the poor and the needy.

One night, the king came by a dimly lit cottage at the far end of the city. A voice inside was merrily singing hymns in praise of God. The king was curious. He knocked on the cracked door. "Is a guest welcome

here?" he asked.

"Come in. A guest is God's gift. Come and join me," said the man. The king joined him for dinner. They talked of this and that and shared a meal.

"What do you do for a living?" asked the disguised king.

"All day I go around the city mending people's shoes. With the money I get, I buy food in the evening," said the man.

"What of tomorrow" asked the king.



The cobbler answered, "Blessed be God, the protector of the poor." The king thanked him for his hospitality and returned to his palace.

The next day the king gave orders that no man could repair shoes without the royal permission. At night the king in disguise visited the cobbler again. The poor man was singing hymns to God. The king knocked and entered. The cobbler was happy to welcome him.

"What did you do today?" asked the king.

"Oh the king's men announced today that repairing of shoes was forbidden without the king's permission. So my wife asked me to go to the public well. I went and helped people to draw water instead. With the money I got I bought this food."

"What of tomorrow?" asked the king.

With a radiant face the cobbler answered, "Blessed be God, the protector of the poor."

The next day the king forbade the drawing of water from the public well. That night he went to see the merry cobbler again, in disguise, of course. As before, the king found him



singing.

"Is a guest welcome?" the king asked.

"A guest is God himself" replied the cobbler. Together they sat down to eat and chat.

"And what did you do today?" asked the king.

"Since the king has forbidden the citizens to draw water from the public well. I went to the forest to cut wood. With the money I got from selling the wood I bought food for my family."

"What about tomorrow?" asked the king. "What if the king forbids the felling of trees?"



The cobbler answered in a calm voice, "Blessed be God, the protector of the poor."

Next morning the cobbler got up early to cut more trees in the forest. While he was chopping wood, the king's men came. "The king has ordered all woodcutters to join the king's guard."

So the cobbler went to the palace. There he was given a sword and asked to guard the entrance of the fort. That night he went home with empty pockets. He had earned nothing. But his heart was full of love for God. He sang hymns in praise of God, until he fell asleep.

The next day he went back to

the palace.

"You," the chief guard beckoned him with his index finger. "Here, take this man. Kill him. He is a spy."

"Me....Kill him? But..."

"No 'buts'. The king's orders."

The cobbler and the prisoner were led into a huge courtyard. People had gathered to watch the execution. On a high dais sat the king. But the cobbler did not recognize him. He turned to the king with folded hands.

"My Lord, I have never killed a man in my life. I cannot do it."

The king smiled. "I order you to do it," he said.

"Have mercy on me, my Lord," the cobbler pleaded. "O God, have mercy on me."

"God? Ha! Ha! Ha! What has God to do with it?"

The king threw back his jewelled head and laughed. "What can your God do for you?" challenged the king.

The cobbler stood beside the kneeling prisoner. One hand held the sheath, the other the hilt of the sword.

"O God in heaven," he cried, "If this man is marked for death, let my sword do its duty. But if he is innocent..." he did

not know what to say.

"Let the sword turn into wood! Ha! Ha!!" said the king jocularly.

"God has spoken through you. Let it be so, indeed!" said the cobbler.

With a flourish the cobbler put out his sword from its sheath. And lo! A miracle! The sword had turned into wood!

The cobbler wept with joy. The king ran down the dais and embraced him.

"I was testing your faith, my friend," said the king and revealed his identity. "From now on you will stay in the palace and guide me," said the king.

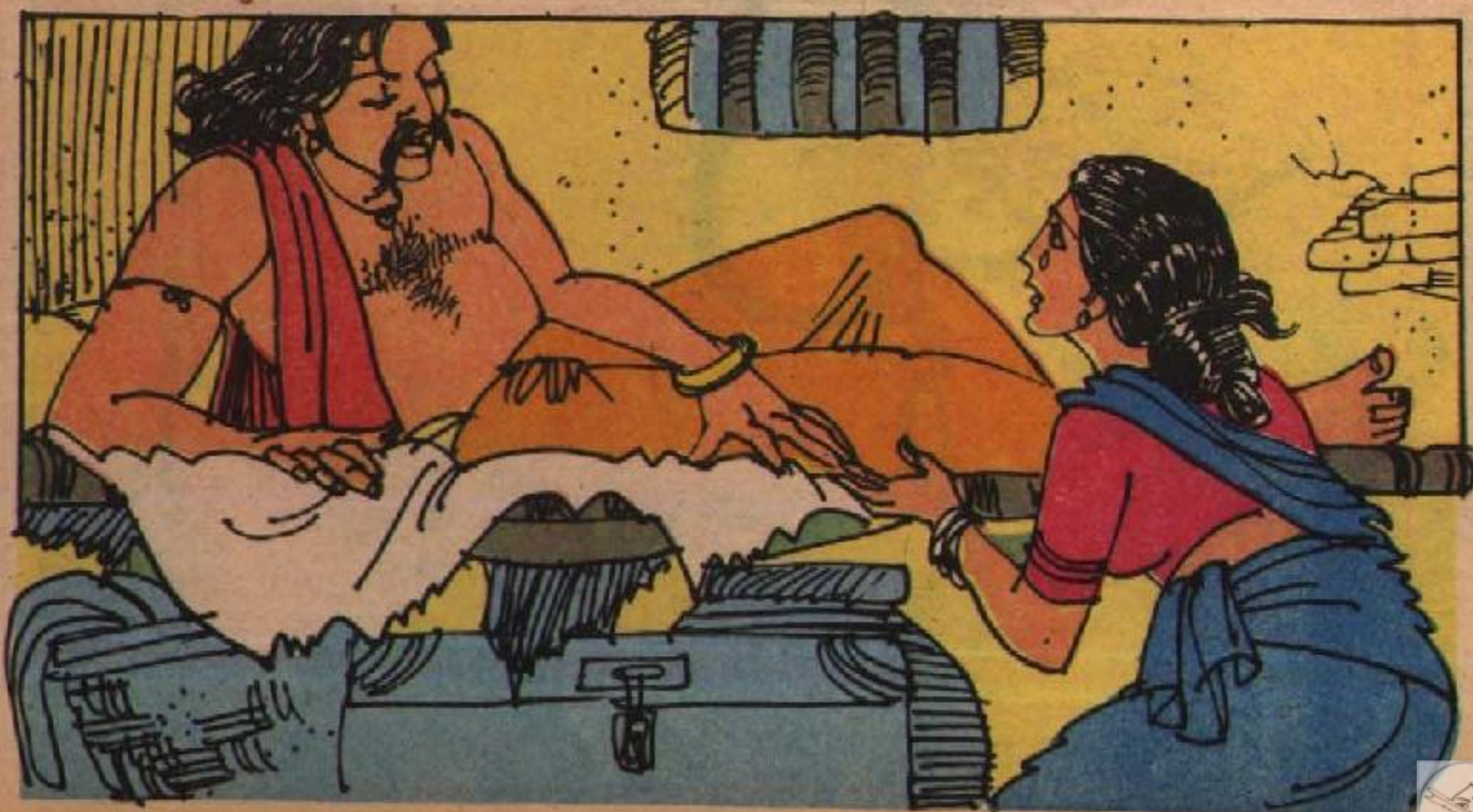
The cobbler returned home. He was too perplexed by the

miracle to sing that evening. Suddenly he noticed his wife sobbing at his feet.

"Forgive me, my husband. There was nothing else I could do. Our little son was very ill. There was no money at home. You were asleep so I did not disturb you. I sold your sword to the blacksmith last night and with the money bought some medicine and food. I put our son's toy wooden sword in the sheath. Forgive me, if I have wronged you."

For a moment the cobbler was speechless. He lifted up his kneeling wife and smiled at the twist of fate. Then, in a ringing voice he cried, "Blessed be God, the protector of the poor."

Retold by Shashwati Pathaik



THE TRUE GIVER

Nandu and Shyamu were two fellow beggars. Every day they used to go round the city begging for alms. In the evening they used to stop by the royal palace. The king, who was a very generous man, used to himself give them alms. Nandu used to thank and praise the king profusely. "Long live our king! Thy generosity is as limitless as the ocean." Shyamu on the other hand used to silently thank God. The latter's conduct used to irritate the king.

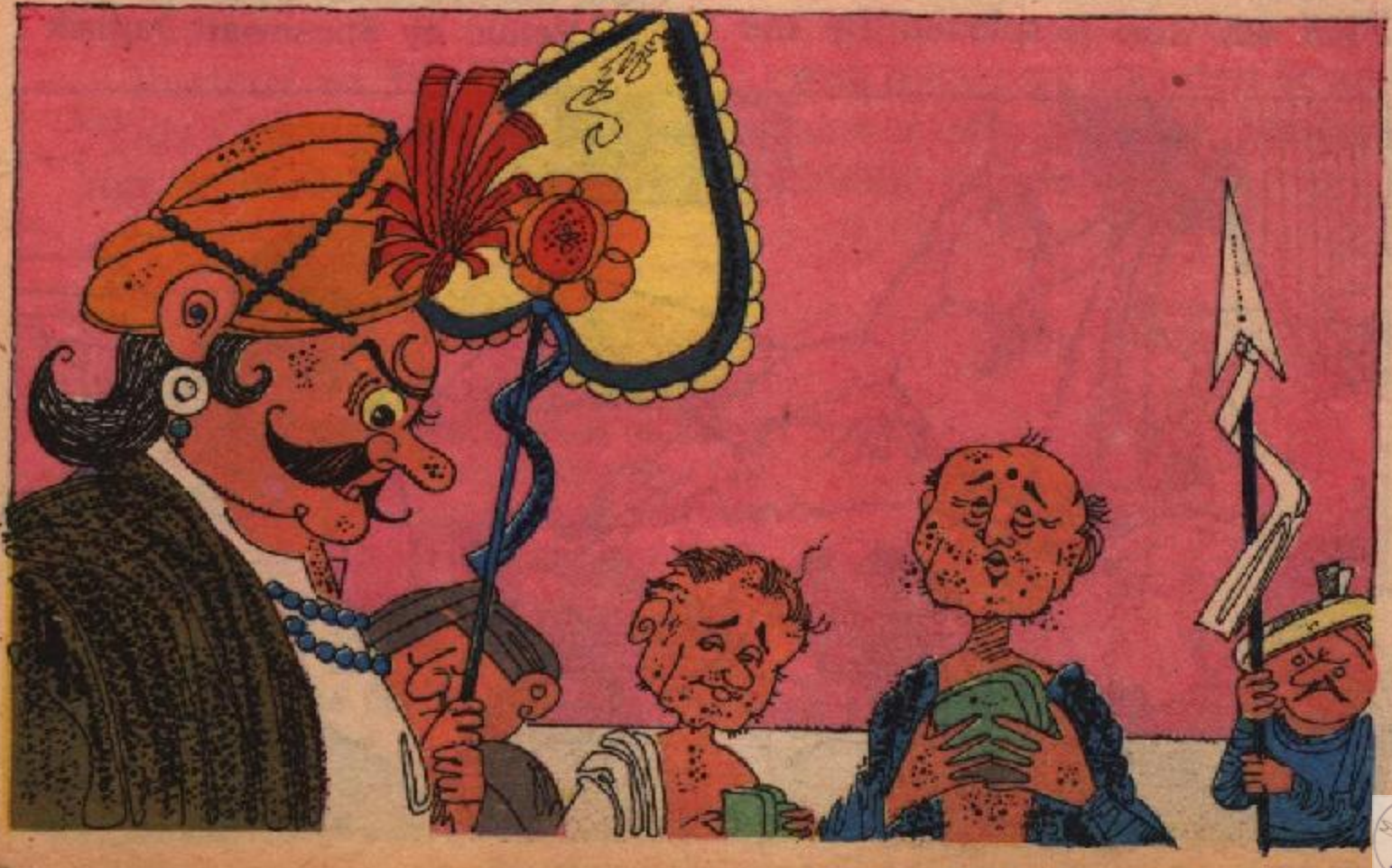
One day the king asked

Shyamu. "I give you food and clothing. I give you money. How is it that you thank God instead?"

Shyamu smiled and said, "O King, if God had not bestowed wealth upon you, you would not have been able to give us so generously!"

The next day the king ordered his baker to make two similar loaves of bread. In one, he asked the baker to put some precious stones and gems. The baker did as he was told.

Evening came. Nandu and



Shyamu came begging at the palace gates. The king came out with two loaves of bread. The one with the precious stones he gave to Nandu who always showered praises on him.

The other he gave to Shyamu who folded his hands in prayer and thanked the lord above.

Nandu and Shyamu returned to their broken huts. On the way Nandu noticed that his bread felt heavy. It was badly baked, he thought.

"Shyamu, will you exchange your loaf with mine?" asked Nandu. "You have stronger teeth."

Shyamu did not mind so they exchanged their bread.

That night, when Shyamu broke his bread in two halves the precious stones rolled on to the floor. Shyamu thanked God for his good fortune. He did not

go out begging the next day.

Nandu went on begging as before. The king who was eagerly waiting to see them, asked him, "Where is your fellow beggar?"

"He doesn't need to beg anymore, my Lord. That is what he told me," said Nandu. The King was surprised.

"What happened to the loaf of bread I had given you?" asked the king.

"Oh, it seemed heavy and badly baked. So I gave it to Shyamu and I took his instead," replied Nandu.

The king realised how vain he had been. "Forgive me, O Lord. In my ignorance I took myself to be the giver. You are the true giver. I am only thy servitor. It is you who can make a rich man poor or a poor man rich," he said in his prayer.



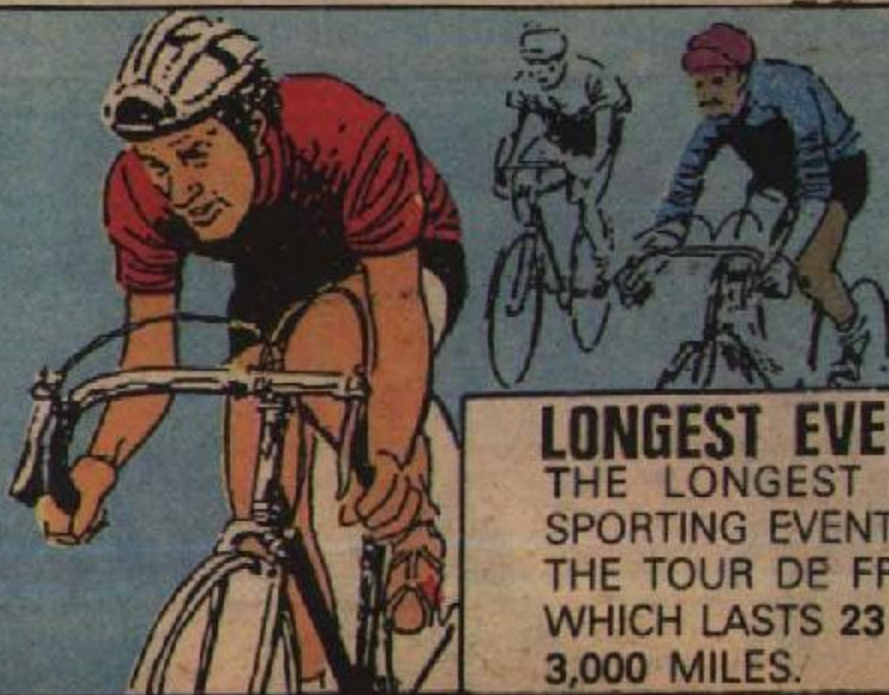
WORLD OF SPORT

RUGBY ORIGINATED AT RUGBY SCHOOL IN 1823, WHEN A PUPIL WILLIAM WEBB ELLIS, PICKED UP THE BALL DURING A GAME OF FOOTBALL AND RAN TOWARDS HI OPPONENTS GOAL. THE IDEA CAUGHT ON AND SPREAD TO OTHER PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

RUGBY



HEARTBEAT : THE HEARTBEAT OF A RACING DRIVER AT THE START OF A RACE IS ABOUT 150 BEATS PER MINUTE. DURING THE RACE GOES UP TO BETWEEN 180 AND 210 PER MINUTE.



LONGEST EVENT

THE LONGEST NON-MECHANICAL SPORTING EVENT HELD ON LAND IS THE TOUR DE FRANCE CYCLE RACE WHICH LASTS 23 DAYS AND COVERS 3,000 MILES.

WORLD OF NATURE

IN 1976 A UNITED STATES NAVAL RESEARCH SHIP ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED AN ENTIRELY UNKNOWN SPECIES OF SHARK WHICH HAD SEVEN ROWS OF NEEDLE-LIKE TEETH. IT MEASURED 14 FT.6 IN.(4.42M) AND WEIGHED 165 LB. (748 KG). SCIENTISTS HAVE CALLED IT THE MEGAMOUTH SHARK.



MEGAMOUTH



OWL'S EARS

THE 'EAR TUFTS' OF SOME OWLS ARE NOT EARS AT ALL. THEY ARE SIMPLY FEATHERS USED FOR DISPLAY. THE REAL EARS ARE HIDDEN UNDER FEATHERS AT THE SIDE OF THE SKULL.

THE SMALLEST KNOWN BAT AND ONE OF THE WORLDS SMALLEST MAMMALS IS THE RARE HOG-NOSED BAT OF THAILAND. IT HAS A WING SPAN OF ONLY 6.29 IN. (160MM) AND A BODY LENGTH OF 1.29 IN. (3.3MM).





IMPRESSIONS

Shyamlal, the goldsmith, was in need of an assistant. He told about this to some of his friends and the news reached Sudhir who was an assistant in another shop, owned by Karunakar.

Sudhir met Shyamlal and expressed his wish to work for him.

"Where do you work?" Shyamlal asked the young man. "And how much do you receive as salary?"

"Sir, I work at Seth Karunakar's shop and receive one hundred and fifty rupees per month. I shall be happy to work for you a little more—say one hundred and sixty rupees a month," Sudhir replied.

"Will you please tell me frankly why you wish to leave

the job you are holding now?"

Sudhir coughed nervously and said, "To be frank, sir, Sethji is a hard task-master. I work from morning till late at night and work with great zeal. Even then he is never tired of finding fault with me. To work with him is to work on a razor's edge."

"I see. Very well. I'll tell you after two days," said Shyamlal.

Sudhir thanked him and went away.

The same evening Shyamlal met Karunakar in the latter's shop "Tell me, brother, what kind of man is Sudhir? Someone who proposes to marry his daughter to him asked me to find out," he said.

"Sudhir is a fine young man





inside the godown, overhearing the dialogue between his master and Shyamlal.

"Pardon me, sir. It is for my greed for a little more money that I spoke lies about you to Seth Shyamlal. I am guilty of grave misconduct," said Sudhir in tears.

Karnnakar lifted Zhim up. "Don't take your own conduct too seriously. You can leave if

you like," he said.

"Oh, sir, where will I get a kind and truthful master like you? I will not be so stupid again," said Sudhir gulping down a sob.

Sudhir stayed on with Karunakar. In course of a few years Karunakar was so much happy with the young man that he gave him a share in his business. Sudhir prospered well.

"When I was a boy I found a fruit-vendor asleep on the roadside. I picked up a fruit and went behind a clump of bushes. But then I found it raw. And then I felt very bad for having stolen it. I returned to the vendor. He was still asleep. What do you think I did?" the teacher paused.

"Change the raw fruit for a ripe one, sir"





New Tales of King Vikram and the Vampire

THE OVERNIGHT CHANGE

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At the intervals of thunderclaps could be heard the moaning of jackals and the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down and began crossing the desolate cremation ground. Suddenly spoke the vampire that possessed the corpse, "O King, I know not what goal you have in view—for which you have taken up this dangerous task. Are you sure that your interest will remain intact till the end? There are instances of people behaving contrary to their own interest in the end! Let me cite an example. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The vampire went on: In a





small town lived Jairam, a merchant and a money-lender. He was one of the richest men in the town, but the most hated one. That is because he mercilessly exploited those who borrowed money from him. Not only did he charge them heavy interest, but also he took over their property which they pledged to him if they could not repay him on time. He had brought misery to many families by taking possession of their lands and houses.

He grew old and one after another his contemporaries began to die. One day a dying friend of his told him, "Jairam,

I'm afraid, you too shall die before long. But do you know where you'll go after your death? To hell, surely. Because you have gathered much sin and have done nothing good to anybody."

The friend died, leaving Jairam very thoughtful and pensive. Indeed, he had never done a single good thing in life. Hundreds must have cursed him. No wonder that he should find himself in hell after death!

Fear led him to Swami Divyananda, a sage, who lived in a forest not far from the town. After listening to his fear, the sage seemed to take pity on him. He said, "Arrange to feed a hundred poor men every day. You will be free from your sins and will be spared the pangs of hell."

Jairam gave a start. "Hundred people every day? How can I afford to feed so many, sir?"

"You can afford to feed five hundred people a day. But you are not only a sinner, but also a mean fellow!" commented the sage.

Jairam did not contradict the sage. He sat with his head hung.

Suddenly the sage brought out a silver pot—as if from the

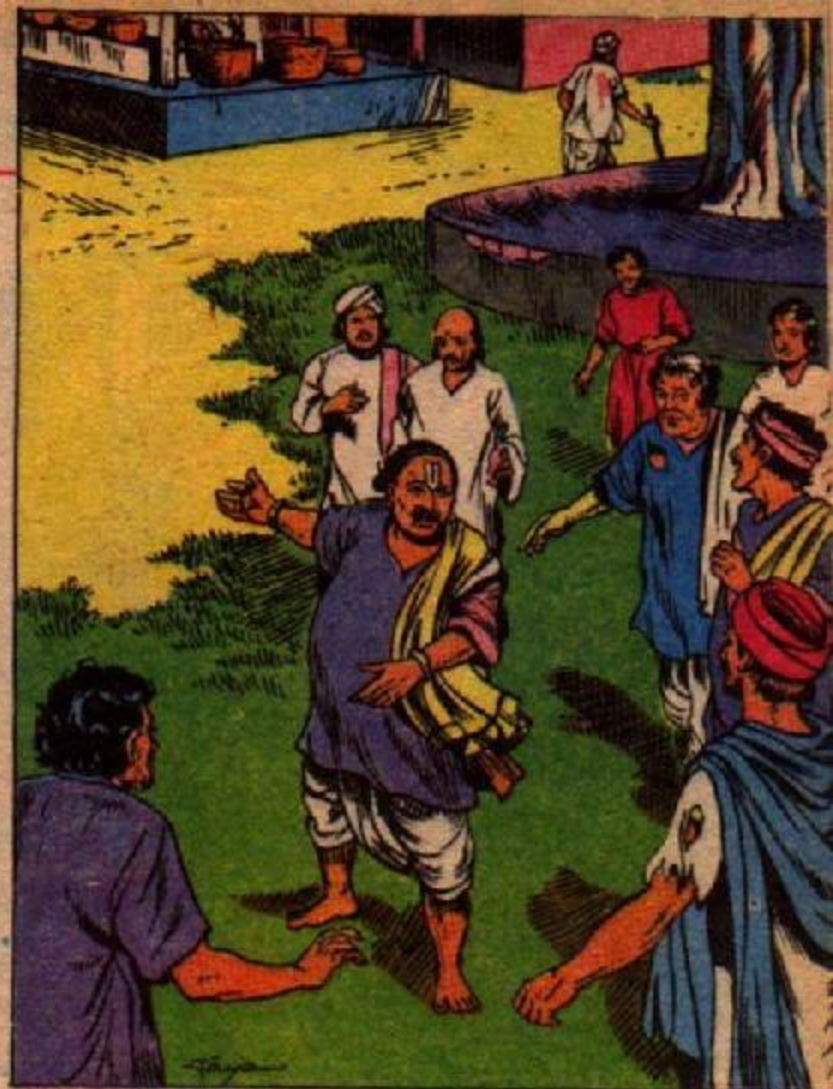
air—and said, “Let me prescribe a shorter course to you. This magic pot will continue producing as much food as you can take out of it. Throw dinners to ten thousand people over five nights, beginning with tonight. That will wash away your sins and save you from hell. But, know that if you have fed even one less than ten thousand by midnight of the last night, you shall die before sunrise.”

Jairam was very happy with the boon of the magic pot. He prostrated himself to the sage and left for home. What could be a more lucky arrangement than feeding people with no cost to himself and escaping the threatened hell?

Even then he could not muster enough goodwill to invite more than five hundred people for the first night. That so many people will enjoy meals absolutely free, gave him some pain.

Only three hundred people turned up. It was because many did not believe that a miser like Jairam was really going to throw a dinner!

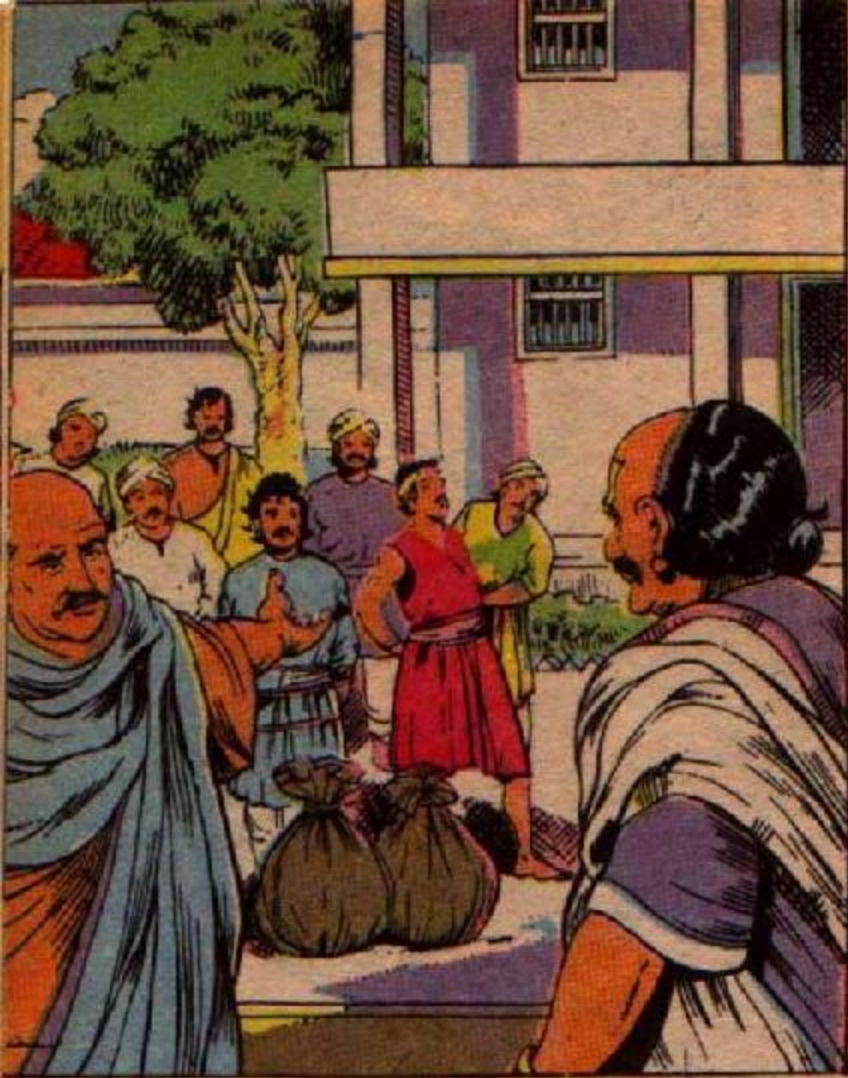
When the guest left satisfied, Jairam felt truly happy. This was a kind of happiness he had



never known. Next day he invited two thousand people. On the third night many people who had not been invited gathered and that made Jairam even happier.

On the fifth night, two hours before it was midnight, Jairam found that he needed still fifteen more people to make up ten thousand. He ran into different lanes and inns and guest houses. He could collect thirteen people. But try as he may, he could not get hold of the remaining two.

Midnight was fast approaching. Jairam gave up all hopes for surviving the night.



He repented for having been mean, even though it did not cost him any money, on the first night itself. He was going to die—and then pass on to hell—only because he could not feed two more people!

He spread two banana leaves and poured out into them food for two people. Then he swooned away, sure that he shall never wake up. By then all the guests had left.

He woke in the morning and was pleasantly surprised that he was still alive! He looked into the adjoining room and found that the food he had spread out had been eaten.

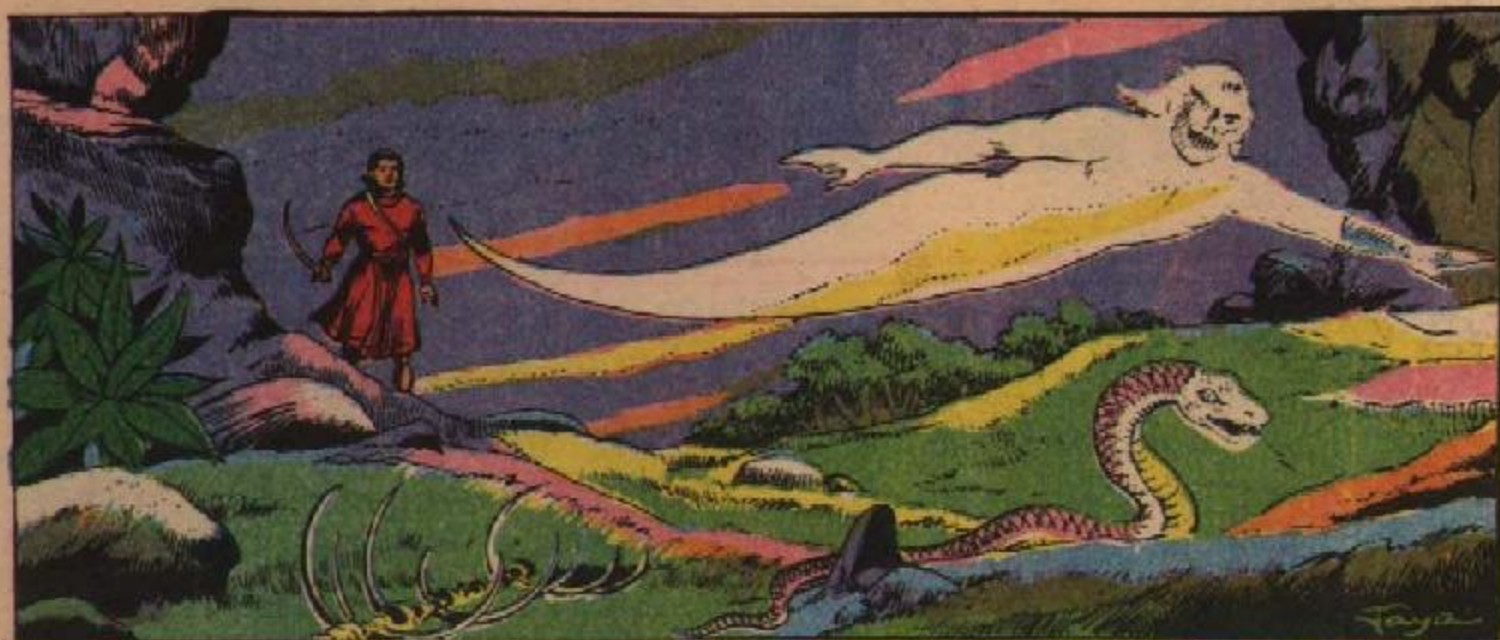
He guessed that it was the work of two thieves! If they ate up the food, they must have stolen some wealth from his house too!

He looked into his chests and found out that four bags filled with gold and precious jewels were missing. He came out to the open and saw some citizens and police dragging two fellows towards his house.

These thieves were pursued by us when they were trying to flee the town. At last they were caught. They have confessed to have stolen from your house,” said the people who had caught the thieves.

“Yes, these bags are mine,” said Jariam. To everybody’s surprise, he requested the people and the police to release the thieves. He then gave some money to the thieves and dedicated the recovered wealth to the town’s welfare. A school and a charitable dispensary were opened with that fund. Jariam’s charity did not stop there. He went on helping people in need.

The vampire paused for a while and, in a challenging tone, demanded of King Vikram, “O King, I do not understand why



Jairam should not only pardon the thieves, but also reward them with money. Secondly, how did he suddenly begin spending on charity? Answer me. O King, if you can. Should you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answers, your head would roll off your neck.”

Forthwith replied King Vikram: “Jairam had got ready to die and suffer the pangs of hell. Suddenly he found himself alive and free from the dangers of hell. The two thieves, by eating up the food he had poured on the leaves, completed the necessary number of ten thousand. So, they were Jairam’s saviours, though they did not know about it. It is natural that Jairam

should feel grateful to them.

“Secondly, a man who was ready to die, was ready to leave all his wealth behind. He survived by chance. His attitude to wealth naturally changed. He became generous with it.

“However, the greatest cause for his change is the blessings of the sage. The sage somehow grew compassionate towards him. When he gave him the magic pot, he must have also put some force into it which brought some change in Jairam’s nature.”

No sooner, had the king concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

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THREE ADVENTURERS

Once upon a time there lived three adventurous brothers. One day the eldest brother said, "Let's go and explore the world. But each of us should take a different direction. At the end of seven years we will meet at this very spot, to see what extraordinary thing each of us has brought." So the three brothers bade farewell to one another and set-off on their respective journeys.

Seven long years passed. The three brothers met at the spot

they had decided upon. All of them had grown into handsome young men. When they had finished embracing each other the eldest brother said, "Look what I have brought! I found this wounded eagle in one of the jungles. For days and nights I looked after it. When it recovered we became the best of friends."

"So what's extraordinary about that?" asked the second brother.

"It is faster than any living



horse. It can fly me across the world in twinkles of the eye," replied the brother with pride. The second brother took out a strange looking mirror from his waist-band "I hadn't eaten for a week. One day I was so tired that I tripped and fell into a hole. The next moment I found myself in the underworld. There I found an old sorcerer. His feeble voice was asking for water. Quickly, I poured some water into his mouth. He thanked me and before dying gave me this magic mirror."

"But what can it do?" asked the eldest brother.

"It can tell you what is happening miles away from you. Look!" he said and rubbed the mirror.

Colours flew across the surface of the glass. Then suddenly everything cleared.

"I see a beautiful princess," said the eldest.

"Quick", said the youngest who had been silent all this while, "We must go and help her. Don't you see she is dying."

"But alas! What can we do?" asked the second brother.

"I have an apple with me. A



small bite of it is enough to cure a person from any illness. Come, I'll tell you my story as we fly."

The three brothers sat astride on the huge eagle.

"Take us to the princess across the seven oceans and hills," the eldest brother told his eagle. Soon they were flying over forests and rivers.

"Tell us your story," said the brothers to the youngest.

"I went up the white mountains. For miles and miles there was nothing but gleaming snow. One day I saw a sage deep in meditation. That very moment a snake raised its hood



to bite him. In a flash I took out my sword and cut off its head. The sage came out of his meditation. He thanked me for saving his life and gave me this apple. But look, we have reached the palace!"

The eagle alighted on the palace terrace. Immediately the guards caught the three brothers and brought them before the king.

"O king, we have come from very far to save your daughter," said the youngest brother. The king looked at them and said, "If you succeed, my daughter will be yours, but if you fail, I will behead the three of you."

The youngest brother entered the princess' chamber and gave her the apple. She took one bite and lo! She was up and talking and already blushing at the sight of this handsome stranger. There was great rejoicing. The princess was cured but now the question was: Who would marry her?

The eldest brother said, "Without my eagle we would have never reached her on time."

The second brother said, "But wasn't it my mirror that told us about the sick princess?"

The youngest brother said, "What you two say is true. But after all, it was my apple that really cured her."

So the wise king called the three brothers. He asked the eldest, "Is something missing from your eagle?"

"No," replied the brother.

The king asked the second brother, "Is something missing from your magic mirror?"

"No, nothing is missing," replied the second.

The king then asked the third brother, "Is something missing from your apple?"

"Yes," said the youngest, "the bite that the princess took



is missing from my apple."

"So to your loss shall be added this gain," said the king and handed over the princess to the youngest brother. But the king was a just man. He had two other daughters too. So he gave

the two elder brothers a daughter each.

The next day the three brothers were married to the three daughters of the king. The king gave a kingdom each to the three brothers and they lived happily ever after.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





AN INVESTIGATION

This happened when Viraj Dev ruled over the kingdom of Amarpur.

King Viraj Dev was intelligent and active. But, being young, he did not have much experience of the condition of the people. Poets and scholars frequently visited his court and they sang his glory. Merchants brought him valuable gifts and when asked by the king, they said that all was well in the kingdom—under the ideal rule of the king.

King Viraj Dev felt happy.

The king's elderly minister, however, was not quite happy. One day he told the king, "My lord, your father and your grandfather were in the habit of

gathering first-hand knowledge of the condition of the subjects. Shouldn't you do the same?"

"Well, Is there anything that we do not know about our kingdom?"

"There may be, my lord! There is nothing like a first-hand knowledge of the situation. Why not we go out for a tour of the city, donning a disguise?" the minister proposed.

"Why not!" agreed the king.

The two went out into the city the very next day. They walked leisurely, looking at different monuments and houses. It was an interesting experience for the king. Before hand whenever the people saw him, they made obeisance to him and grew stiff



in their postures. Today nobody cared for them.

"My lord, there goes a beggar. Let us talk to him," the minister whispered to the king in front of the bazar.

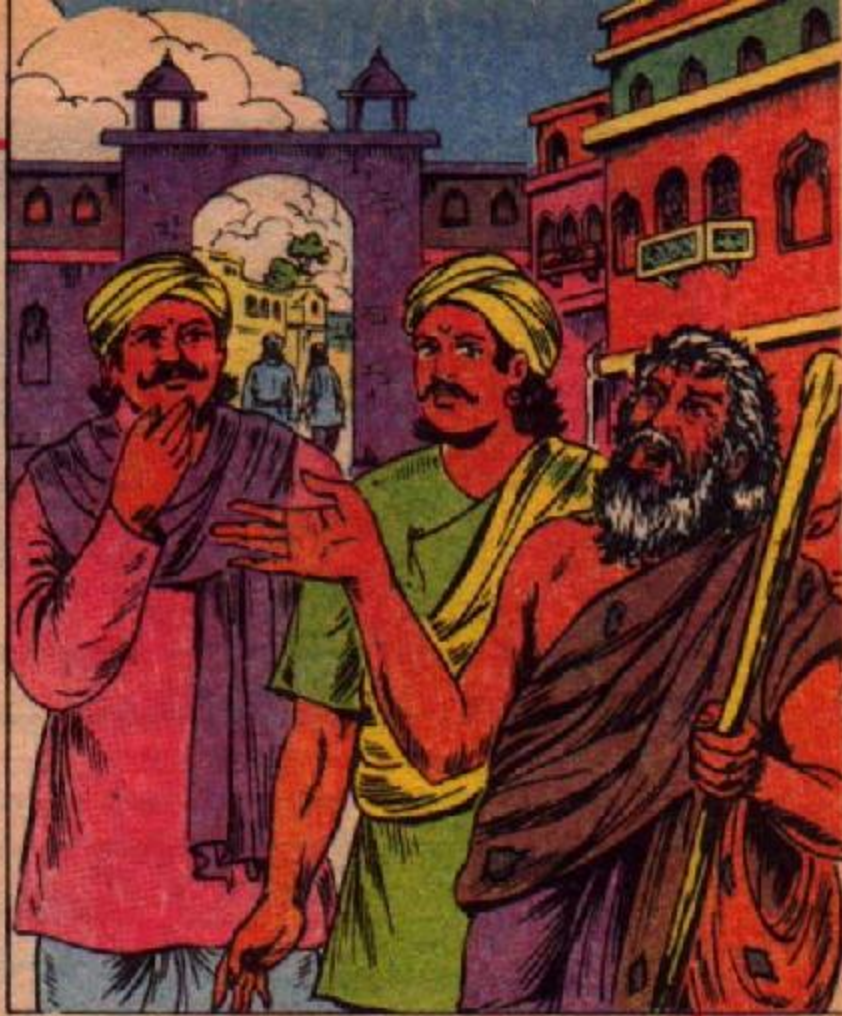
"What valuable information can you expect from a beggar. Nevertheless. go on, if you so wish!" The king was sceptical.

The minister went closer to the beggar, "Hello, brother. Have you received enough alms today?"

The beggar looked quizzically at the minister. "You are talking like one who lived in the age of King Narendra Dev!" he commented.

"What do you mean?" asked the surprised king.

"I began my career as a beggar twentyfive years ago—during the reign of the present king's grandfather. Yes, in those days, my bag used to be filled by this time of the morning. Even six years ago, during the reign of King Surendra Singh, begging till noon was enough to maintain myself and my sick wife for the whole day. Now my wife is no more. Three days of begging brings me ration enough for one day! Will you give me anything, sir?" The



beggar extended his palm.

But neither the minister nor the king had any money with him. The beggar shrugged in disgust and went away.

The king sighed and said, "This means, our people are gradually losing their sense of piety and philanthropy. What do you say, my minister?"

"My lord, had our people lost their goodness, we would be having more crimes, violence and quarrel in the kingdom. But that is not the case," observed the minister.

"Why then has the beggar's income come down?"

"To be honest, my lord, the



beggar can be called the barometer of the people's economic condition. The citizens are reluctant to give because they do not have enough to give."

The minister's answer made

the king very grave. He returned to the palace and immediately set his mind to the task of improving the people's lot. Soon commerce and agriculture got a boost. The people prospered.

A MATTER OF TALENTS

Gunananda and Vijayananda were coming from two opposite directions. Since they met, it was only natural that they should exchange pleasantries.

"Everyone has some talent in him, be it evident or not," said Gunananda, in course of their conversation.

"I don't think so," said Vijayananda, asked, "Tell me, Guna, what talent do you have?"



"I have the talent to discover the hidden talent in the man before me" answered Gunananda confidently.

"Have you? Will you please say what talent I have in me?" challenged Vijayananda.

"You have the talent to be totally blind to the talents in others," replied Gunananda.



TEMPLES OF INDIA

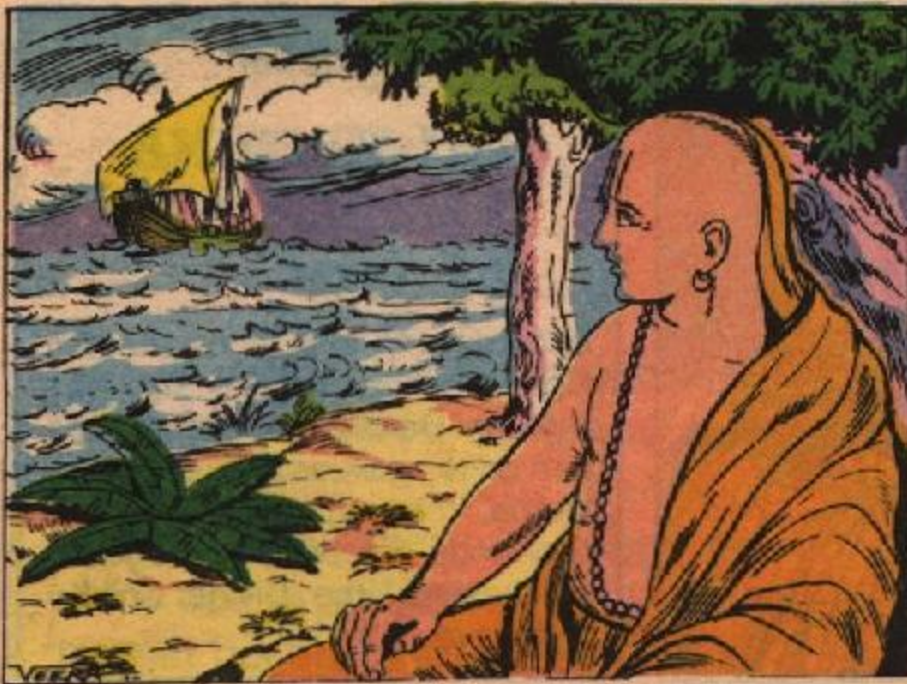
SRI KRISHNA TEMPLE AT UDUPI

According to a legend, after Sri Krishna had grown up, his mother Devaki desired to see him once again as a child. Viswakarma, the sculptor-architect of the gods, made an image of Balakrishna—the Divine Child—and gave it to her.

In course of time the image fell into the hands of Arjuna. After Sri Krishna's passing away in the wilderness at Prabhas, he hid the image under a mound of sand. The clay that covered it grew radiant.



Thousands of years passed. In the fourteenth century a ship anchored there. The captain, while returning to the ship after some rest on the shore, noticed the lump of luminous clay. He couped it up and put it in his ship.



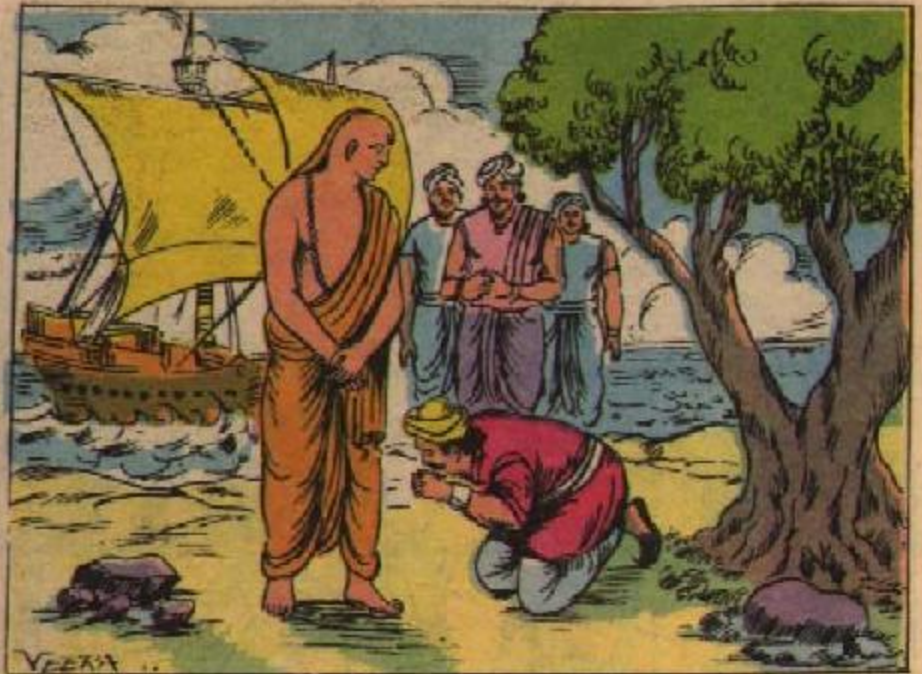
A great sage of India, Madhvacharya, sat in meditation on a mound on the sea—coast near Udupi in Karnataka. He alone knew that something memorable is going to happen. Soon he located a ship on the horizon.

Suddenly there arose a storm in the sea. Madhvacharya could see the ship, but the mariners could not see the shore. The ship was in danger. The captain did not know what to do. He lost all hope of survival.



Madhva began waving a piece of ochre cloth. That was the only object the captain could see through the thick rains. He guided ship accordingly towards the shore. He could soon see the sage clearly.

The Captain knelt down before the sage. "You saved the ship and thereby our lives. I offer the whole ship with all its content to you," said the captain. "Thanks. I will visit the ship. Maybe I will find something really valuable," said the sage.



Madhvacharya went into the ship. Caskets filled with many costly merchandise were thrown open before him. He merely nodded at them, but did not touch them. Suddenly he grabbed the sack with the clay lying in a corner of the ship.

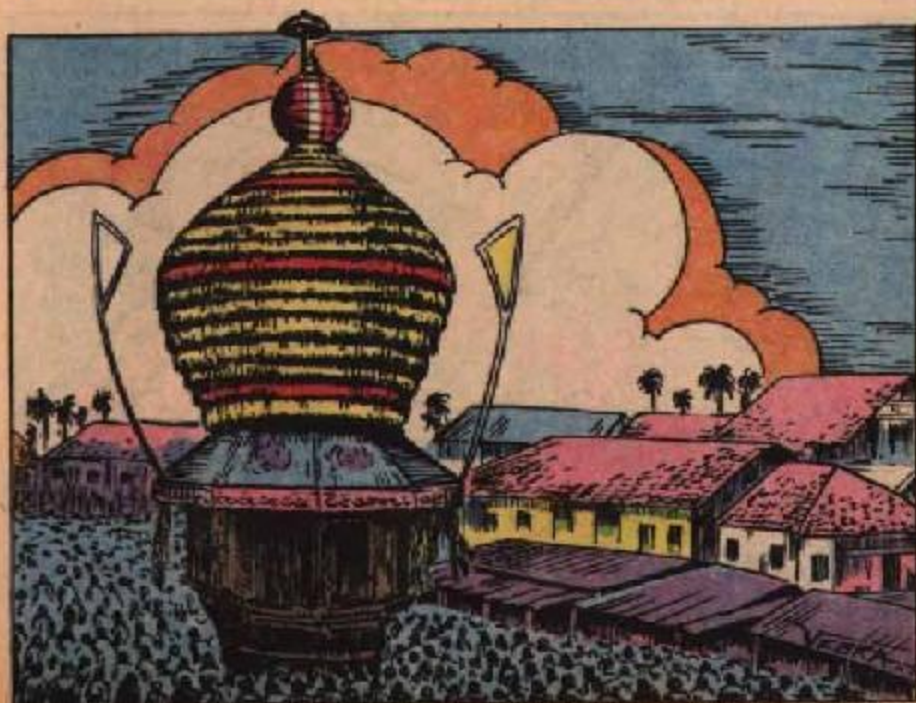
"But, sir, that is only a lump of clay! We have lakhs of rupees worth of things. Why don't you take as much of them as you like?" asked the captain. The sage only smiled. He broke the clay. Out of it emerged the image of Balakrishna.





The idol was duly enshrined and a temple constructed. Madh-vacharya initiated eight young devotees to continue the worship of the deity and exposition of his philosophy. These eight disciples established eight muths, seats of religious practice.

The worship of the deity has continued unbroken since Madh-vacharya began it. Even some of the lamps he lighted inside the shrine are said to have burnt non-stop till today.



Each of the heads of the eight muths takes over the management of the temple for two years. The ceremony in which one head hands over charge to another known as paryaya. It is a great festival marked by a procession.



BHIMSINGH'S VICTORY

Anga and Banga were two large kingdoms in days gone by. Somewhere along the frontiers of these two kingdoms there was a small kingdom called Rudraka. It could not maintain its identity for long. A part of it merged with Anga; the other part with Banga. All that remained of it was a castle. Descendants of the dynasty lived in the castle. But they had grown poor. By and by most of them left for distant places looking for a living.

The young Bhimsingh, distantly hailing from the last Raja of Rudraka, continued to live in the castle. He called himself Maharaja Bhimsingh and imagined he was the monarch of all that he surveyed! He flexed his muscles before his friends and said, "True heroism is in one's arms and not in weapons.

I challenge the kings of both Anga and Banga to wrestle with me. I will humble any of them in no time!"

"Oh, we have no doubt that you can. You can even rout both of them together," said his friends who were amused.

There was nobody to carry Bhimsingh's challenge to the royal courts of Anga and Banga and so Bhimsingh lived in Ypeace, passing most of his time enjoying sound sleep or playing dice with his friends. His ancestors had donated lands and money to the nearby temple. The priests sent him the Lord's Prasad thrice every day. That was delicious food. Besides he received invitations for every celebration or ceremony in every household in the surrounding villages.



One evening, while Bhimsingh was playing dice with his friends in a hall upstairs, sounds of galloping horses and shouts of soldiers were heard. Surprised, they looked out through the window. A large army was marching forward.

"This is the army of Anga, perhaps out to attack Banga," observed one of Bhimsingh's friends.

"Who knows if it is not coming to deprive us of our kingdom!" commented Bhimsingh.

"What kingdom, sir?" asked the friend.

"Why? I'm speaking of Rudraka, of course!" said Bhims-

ingh gravely.

The friends did not have the hearts to remind Bhimsingh that he lived on charity. But imagine their surprise when the huge army stopped in front of the castle and the commander advanced a few steps and announced loudly, "We are here to conquer Rudraka and take over the castle. Listen, whoever owns the castle. Will you surrender or will you fight?"

Bhimsingh answered through a small opening, "I'm Maharaja Bhimsingh speaking. How dare you propose that we surrender? We will fight!"

Bhimsingh had a bow with him. He fixed a thin bamboo stick to it and shot it at the commander of the Anga army. The arrow fell yards away from its target. But the commander turned back and said, "We know we are confronted by a formidable power. We will resume fighting tomorrow."

The Anga army camped there for the night. Next day the commander stepped forward and shot an arrow at the castle. Bhimsingh replied with a couple of arrows. The commander shouted, "Enough of war for today, we will resume fighting

tomorrow!”

On the third day after a similar exchange of arrows, the commander said, “We know, it will not be easy for us to take the castle. We are impressed by your valour. Let’s have a truce!”

“Very, well. Come in,” said Bhimsingh.

The commander, accompanied by two bodyguards, entered the castle. Bhimsingh and his friends received him respectfully. A friend fetched three tumblers of lemon-water.

“Your Majesty, we concede defeat. Here is the compensation for the losses you suffered in the form of these valuable weapons, the arrows,” said the commander and he gave Bhimsingh a thousand gold coins.

Bhimsingh smiled proudly, as if this was his due! His friends were surprised beyond all limits.

“Your Majesty, this is only half of the compensation that is due to you. I’m not in a position to give you the remaining money. I am leaving a thousand soldiers behind me. You may treat them as prisoners. You may kindly release them upon receiving the other thousand gold mohurs. All you have to do is, write a letter to our king



laying down this condition.”

“Very well. But I’m too busy a king to look after the prisoners ...”

Don’t worry on that account, your Majesty! The prisoners will look after themselves. They have provisions with them. Just allow them to drink from the river and bathe in the river,” said the commander pleadingly.

“All right. I grant them that privilege!” said Bhimsingh and he wrote a letter to the king of Anga.

The commander thanked him and took leave of him. Two days later the commander’s deputy met Bhimsingh and paid him



another thousand gold mohurs. The thousand camping soldiers then left.

The mystery of the episode was clear afterwards. The king of Anga was ambitious and arrogant. He wanted to annex Banga to his kingdom. He ordered his commander to do the needful. But neither the people of Anga nor the commander wanted any war. They were peace-loving.

The commander had heard of Bhimsingh and his fanciful ideas. He took advantage of this. He went back and told his

own king how his march upon Banga was checked by the King of Rudraka who kept him engaged in a fierce battle for three days and imprisoned a thousand soldiers!

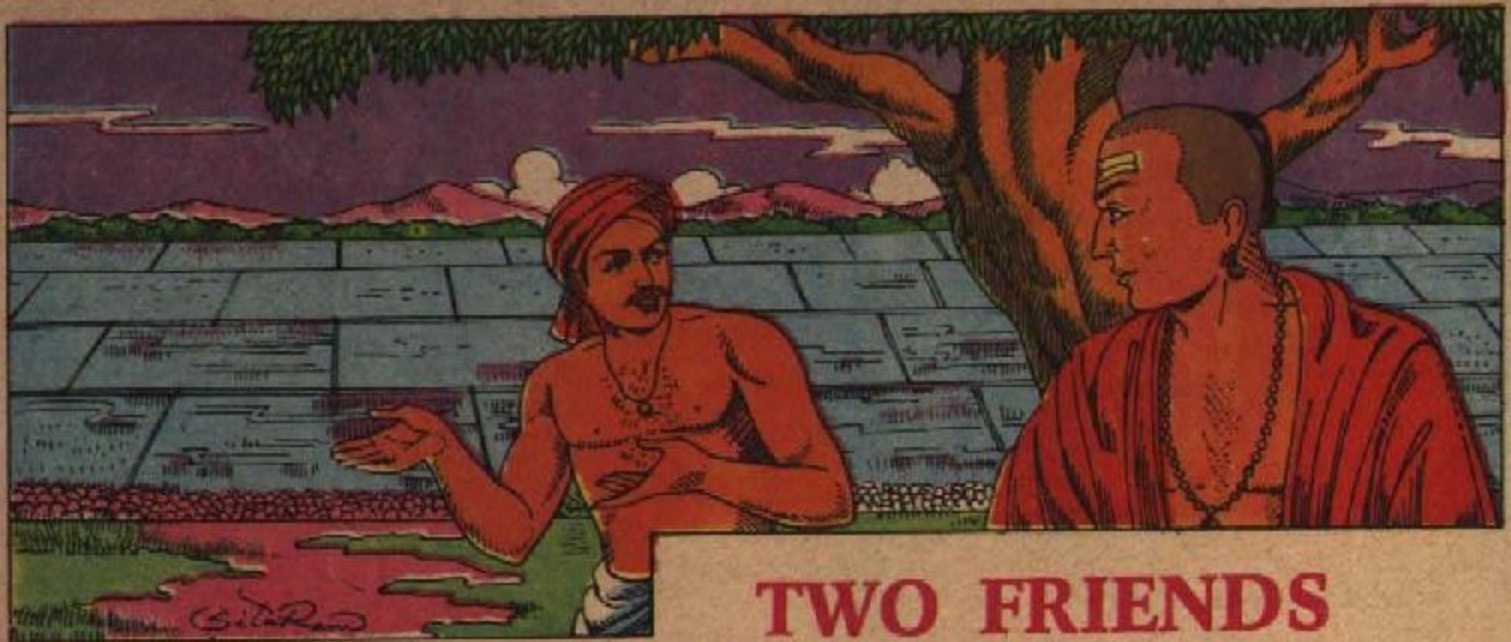
The King of Anga who had neither any knowledge of warfare nor any idea about the strength of the neighbouring countries decided never to send any martial expedition against any country any more.

The one expedition he had sent, however, turned the fortune of Bhimsingh. He lived happily.

The height of politeness was demonstrated the other day when a customer ordered a cup of coffee without cream, in a restaurant.

Said the waiter, "I'm sorry, we don't have cream. Can I prepare your coffee without milk?"





TWO FRIENDS

Ramu and Hari were pals when they were small. But, after completing his studies in the village school, Hari went away to Varanasi. He became famous as Pundit Harihar Shastri.

Ramu continued in his village, as a poor farmer.

Years later one day the Pundit was on his way to his ancestral village. Suddenly a man came running to him and prostrated himself before him. The Pundit recognised him. He was Ramu.

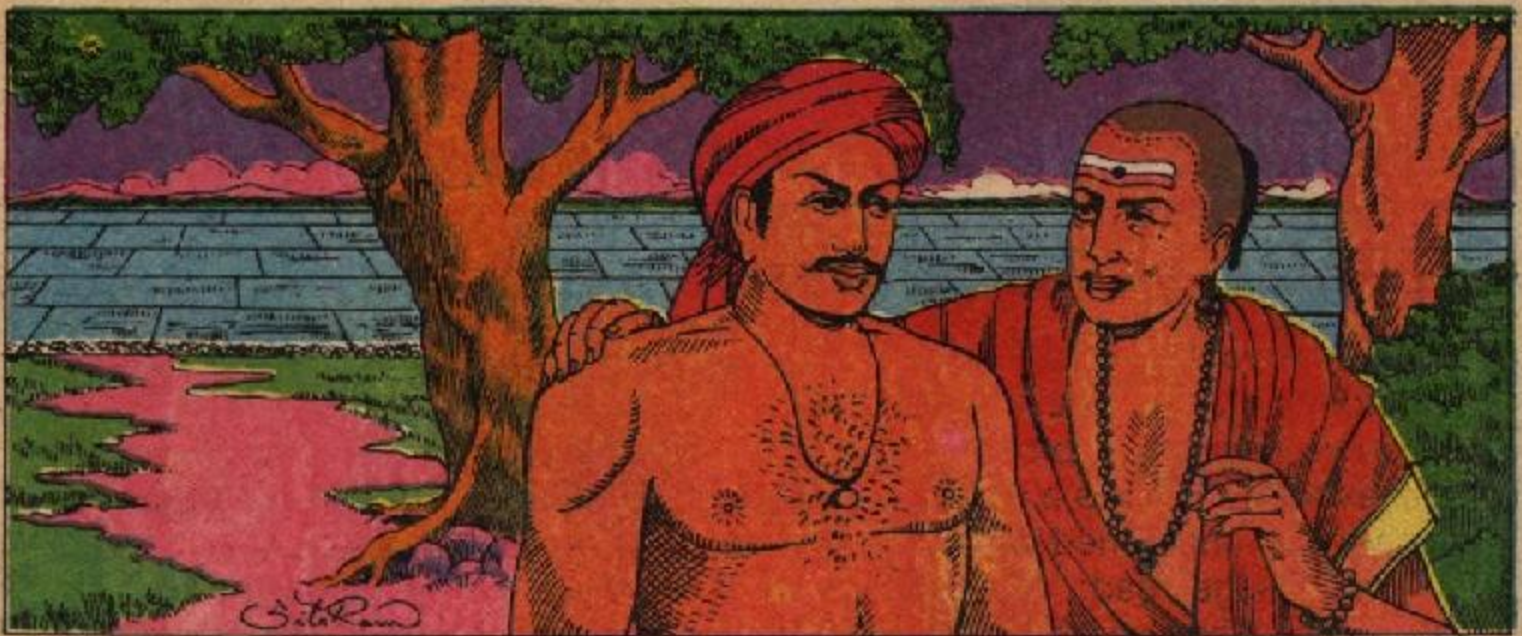
“Ramu, you should not have done this. Were we not pals? How can you prostrate yourself to your friend?” protested the Pundit.

“Harihar! I’m an illiterate man, tilling the soil and growing

crops, whereas you are tilling the mind and growing crops of wisdom.” said Ramu.

“Ramu, once a stone told a pool of mud, ‘Look here, you ugly mud! People hate you so much that they wash themselves if they come in touch with you. Look at me, how I glitter. I am used in the construction of temples and palaces’ said the pool of mud, ‘You fool, people care for you only when they live well-fed. And do you know how they get food? The crop grows out of mud.’ That silenced the stone. Ramu, both mud and the stone have their utility. It is unwise for us to view one as inferior to another,” said Pundit Harihar.

“That reminds me of another story, my friend, once a teak tree told its neighbour, a banyan



tree, 'Look, how strong I am. People use me for my durability.' Said the banyan tree, 'Right. I am content with giving shade to travellers in hot hours of the day. And, you might have seen, people show me rever-

ence.' That silenced the teak tree," said Ramu.

"So, it is clear that we all have our roles to play in the society. We should play it well," said the Pundit.

Both embraced each other.

A falcon can fly at a speed of 290 kilometres an hour.



A porcupine has 36,000 quills.



Giraffe, the tallest animal in the world is incapable of uttering any sound.



OUR DAILY TRIBUTES TO SHAKESPEARE

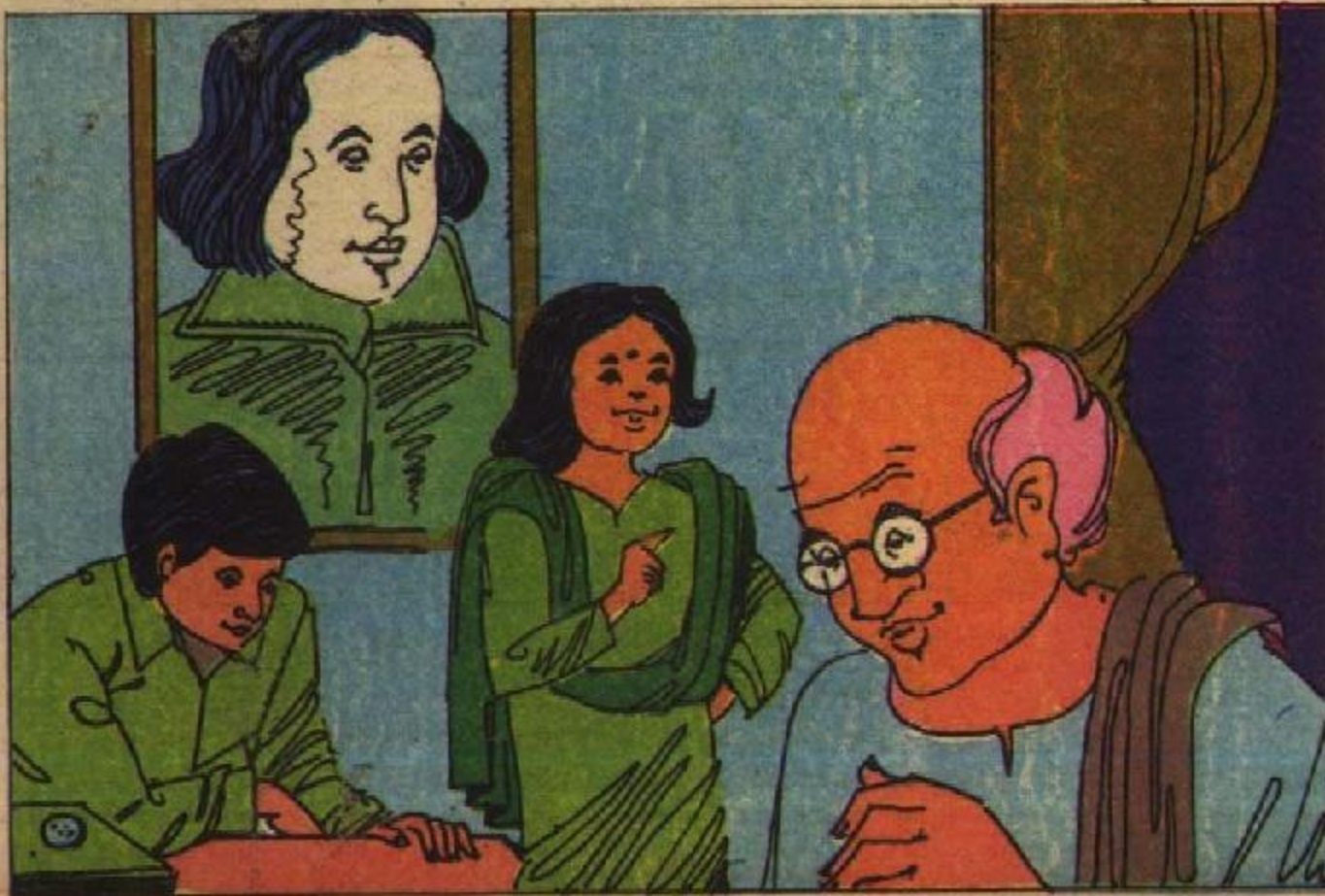
"Grandpa, you are a man of words. You must tell us about Shakespeare's contribution to our daily vocabulary," said Reena.

You've begun the process, child! A *man of words* is a phrase given by Shakespeare. Here is a passage in today's newspaper. Look at the phrases and words underlined by me. They are all from Shakespeare."

The passage read: "*Grim necessity* has obliged those people, who left their homes *bag and baggage*, to hold their *tongues*. Many of them *haven't slept a wink* since the beginning of the journey and in their *heart of hearts* they wish to return to their homes. But as *luck would have it*, all avenues are blocked! In their *mind's eye* they see their lost homes and believe that *truth will come to light* soon. In our sympathy they see the *beginning of the end* of the tyranny they have suffered."

Rajesh exclaimed, "All these underlined phrases are Shakespeare's gift to us! I would not have believed this!"

"There are more," said Grandpa Chowdhury, "Like *Love is blind*, *cold comfort*, *the short and long of it* and *Greek to me*. And I need hardly say that the list is not complete."





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LET US KNOW

Can you tell us of some books which will give me a good idea about India's cultural heritage? If you keep your suggestion limited to two books, we promise to read them during the summer vacation.

—Prabodh and friends, Bombay.

We strongly recommend Sri Aurobindo's *Foundations of Indian Culture* and Jawaharlal Nehru's *Discovery of India*. The first work is a systematic approach to different branches of Indian culture, like literature and art, but which can also help us to understand the very soul of India. Sri Aurobindo was provoked to write this work in answer to the shallow criticism of Indian culture by one William Archer, Archer's book is forgotten today, but the *Foundations of Indian Culture* has run into dozens of editions and is in ever greater demand.

Nehru's *Discovery of India* is a book of a different order. There are glimpses of Indian history in it, personal anecdotes and reflections and comments on important events. It is a seeker's discovery of this great country in her several aspects. It is pleasant reading and highly educative.

As you have warned us not to enlist more than two books, we stop here. We hope, you will keep your promise.

How is an acronym different from an abbreviation?

—S. Ramarao, Srungavarapukota.

An abbreviation is an abridgement of a word of when the part of a word comes to mean the whole word. Examples: *Adp* for Archbishop; *AD* for Anno Domini; *B.Ed.* for Bachelor of Education.

Acronym is a particular form of abbreviation, in which a new word is formed from the initial letters of other words. Example: *Laser* for "Light amplification by the stimulated emission of radiation".



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PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mrs. S. Radha



K.P.A. Swamy

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs. 50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for March '86 goes to:—

Ms. Aparna Raghunath

5.19.3, 2/17, Brodipet,

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The winning Entry:— 'Growing Virtuously' & 'Peeping Curiously'

PICKS FROM THE WISE

Every criminal is an atheist, though he does not always know it.

—*Honore De Balzac*

Crisis that is tormenting man does not come from without but within.
Human soul has rebelled against its own state.

—*Vivekananda*

Criticism comes easier than craftsmanship.

—*Zeuxis*



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